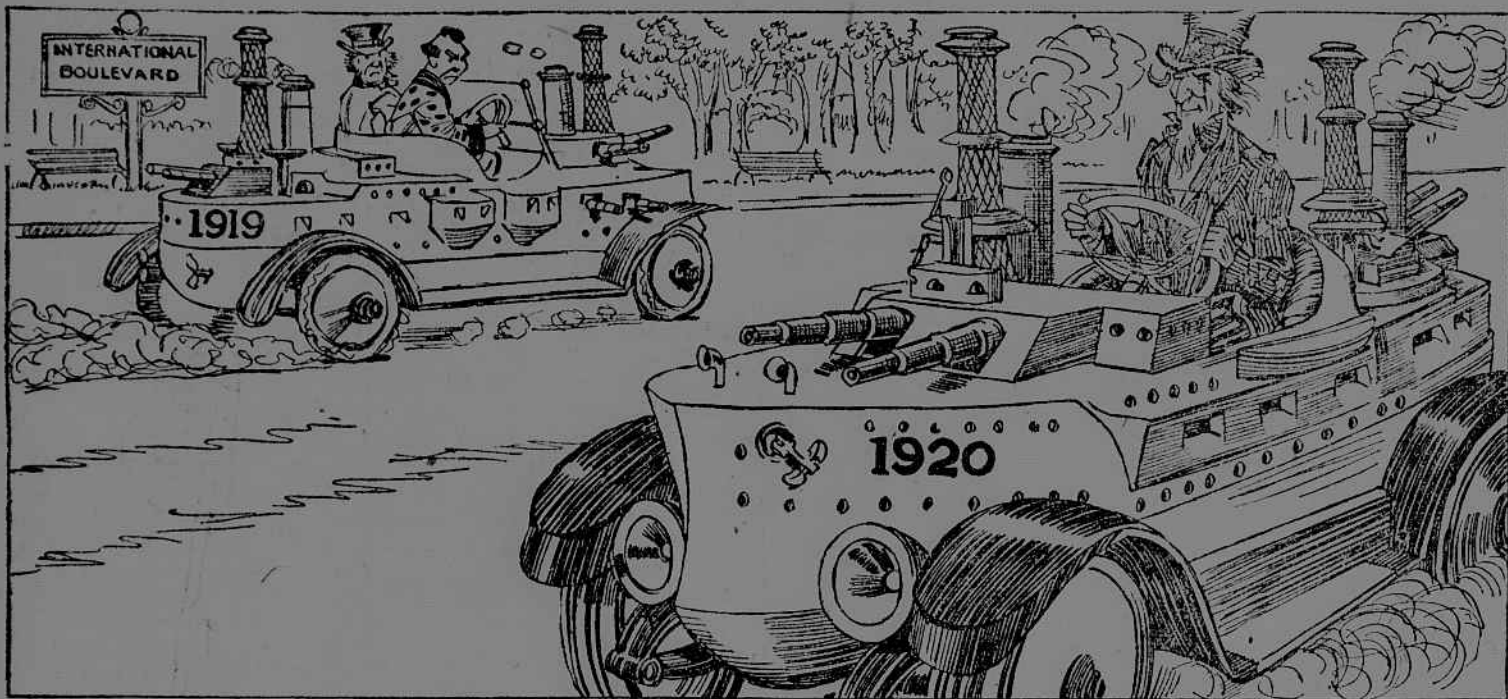


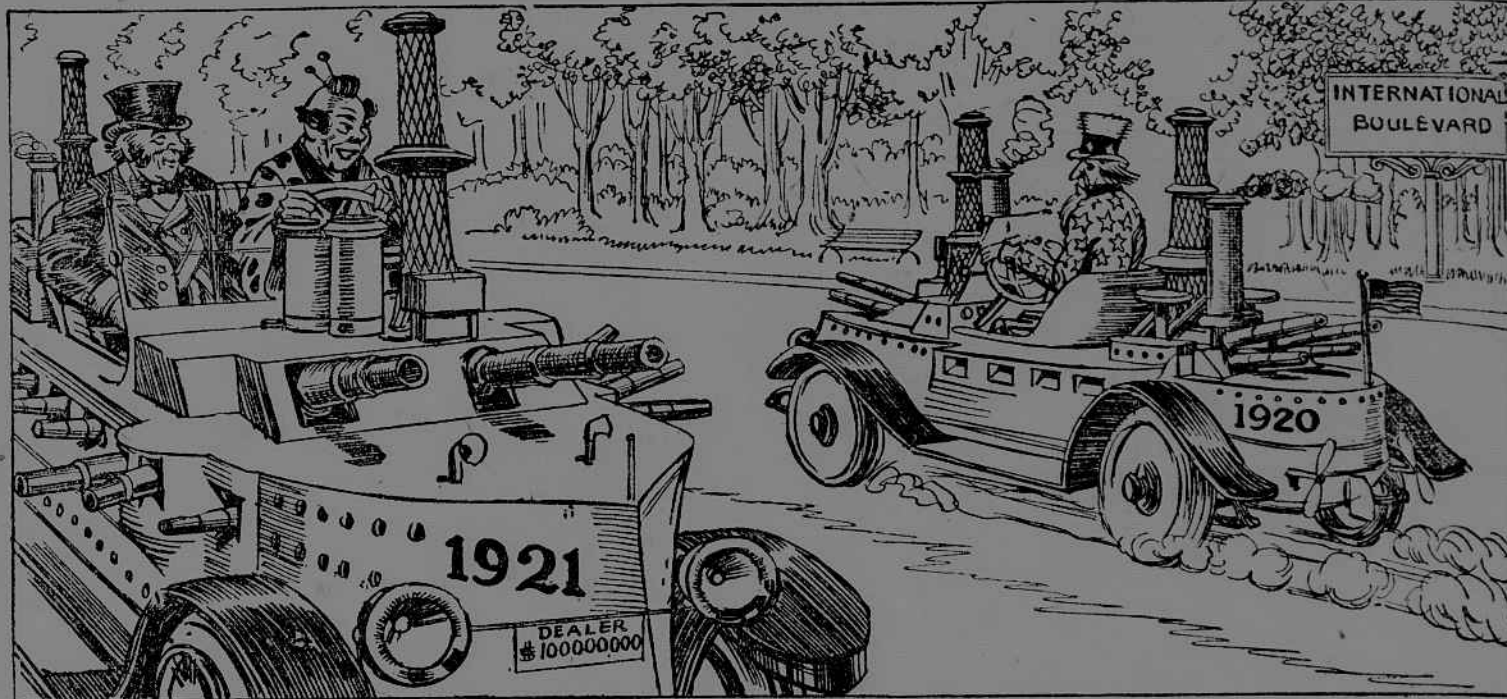
# SPEAKING ON THE SUBJECT OF DISARMAMENT

By ARTHUR CHAPMAN

Illustrations by ALBERT LEVERING



Passing those foreign motorists in their 1919 rattletap, Uncle Sam was perfectly happy in his nifty 1920 car



He continued to be happy until one day on the Boulevard the foreign gentlemen gave him the laugh with a 1921 model

## FATHER TIME COUNTS TEN

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beauty of its women and the correctness of their dress, which was then imported from London. Several of the old plays of the period contain scenes laid on the sea wall of the Battery.

In this daily parade could be seen all the men famous in the history of the country during more than half a century. Here were to be seen Generals Howe and Clinton and Benedict Arnold and Major Andre. Later Washington and Jefferson were fond of walking here, as were Aaron Burr, Alexander Hamilton, Washington Irving, Robert Fulton, J. Fenimore Cooper and a host of others. Jerome Bonaparte was a familiar figure on the sea wall, as was Louis Philippe before his return to France and its throne. Talleyrand, who fled from Robespierre to England, then to New York, was walking one day in Battery Park when an enemy tried to murder him by throwing him over the sea wall.

The windows and balconies of the old Battery Place mansions must have been filled countless times to watch the fêtes and celebrations staged in the park opposite. One of the most elaborate of these was arranged for the landing of Lafayette in 1824, on his return to the United States. On stepping ashore Lafayette walked for some distance, to quote a report of the time, "on a carpeted way arranged for the occasion, under an arch richly decorated with flags and wreaths of laurel." On the same evening a "mammoth balloon" arose from the fort, "representing the horse Eclipse mounted by an ancient knight in armor." A few weeks later, when Lafayette returned from a tour of the country, a fête was given at Castle Garden, attended by 6,000 persons.

Webster and Clay spoke several times in the old Garden. Elaborate receptions were given here to President Jackson and other Presidents in later years. Kossuth was officially welcomed in the Garden when he came to America to seek aid for Hungary. For many years the Battery was the city's parade ground, and the windows and balconies surrounding it were crowded with enthusiastic throngs to watch the Pulaski Cadets, the Light Guards, the Tompkins Blues and other popular regiments of their time. In 1854 a great fête was held in Castle Garden to celebrate the triumph of the Whig party after the charter elections in the city. To celebrate the occasion three pipes of wine and forty barrels of beer were dispensed.

A fatal blow was struck the aristocratic neighborhood of the Battery with the opening of Castle Garden as an immigrant station. The old fort was made the landing place for immigrants in 1855, and continued as such until 1890. During these years more than 10,000,000 immigrants were admitted to America through this gate. The effect upon the stately old mansions on Battery Place was disastrous. The old families quickly abandoned their homes. For a generation no spot in New York was so depraved. The homes facing the park and the buildings on the side streets nearby were filled with low saloons, where people collected who flourished by waylaying and robbing the immigrants.

Castle Garden was closed to immigrants in 1890 with the removal of the station to Ellis Island. But the change came too late to save this aristocratic old neighborhood. The section north of Battery Place, which still contains many old mansions, dating from its best days, has become the so-called Syrian quarter, harboring a highly congested foreign population. The faces which look out from the windows of the old mansions on Battery Place have come from a distant land, and the walls are placarded with signs in a strange tongue, which would have greatly surprised the old inhabitants.

Meanwhile the section to the north and east of the mansions has become the financial center of the world, and is fast encroaching upon the old residential neighborhood. The value of the ground once covered by the high tides of the Hudson River would have seemed incredible to the population of early days. The skyscrapers which replace the old mansions meanwhile increase the population of each block a thousand fold.

The foot of Battery Place has been an important city dock from very early times. A number of maps and prints considerably earlier than 1700 indicate the presence of some kind of landing place at this point. Originally boats docked at a point near the present elevated railroad station.



Whereupon Uncle Samuel scrapped his 1920 car and rushed to place an order for a 1922 design, whether he could afford to pay for it or not

"SPEAKING of disarmament," observed Colonel Beaufugle.

"I wasn't," answered Mrs. Beaufugle.

"No, but we are now," pursued the Colonel. "And, dwelling on this topic, have you noticed how closely it parallels human experience?"

"Do you mean it's like the Sullivan law—making people give up their guns in order to make more pocket space for bootleg whisky bottles?"

"Nothing of the sort. What I mean is that the various nations which are now talking of cutting down their battleship expenses are in the position of the automobile owners right in our little suburb."

"Do you mean that they are stingy about offering rides? It does seem as if our neighbors have great difficulty in seeing as far as the sidewalk sometimes when we are walking. Not all of them can be so dreadfully near-sighted."

"No, no—once more you have the idea wrong! What I refer to is the gradual increase of expense, due to rivalry. For instance, the Demings and the Wylies. You re-

member, they started, back in 1908 or thereabouts, with Ford cars."

"Yes, and they didn't have any garages, but let their cars stand out in the back lots."

"Exactly. Then Wylie sold three magazine articles quite unexpectedly, and he traded in his Ford car and began making payments on a better model."

"And when Mrs. Deming saw the Wylies in the larger car she called up her husband, and he ordered a better car than the Wylies' new one and drove home in it that very night."

"Yes, and the next year it was the same performance over again—this time the Wylies getting a six-cylinder affair which was quite gorgeous."

"And immediately after that the Demings got their first limousine, with the upholstery that did not match Mrs. Deming's gowns at all."

"I don't remember the color of the upholstery, but I do remember the first excursion in plate glass effects, and how the Wylies proceeded to go it one better the next year."

"Also it was about that time that both the

Demings and Wylies built two-car garages."

"Yes, and now they have five-car affairs, with luxurious quarters for their chauffeurs. And all that started from a couple of Ford cars, just as the navies of the world started from a handful of little wooden ships that didn't cost much to build or to maintain."

"The garage bills of either one of those families would pay all our household expenses."

"Yes, and think what the garage bills of the nations must be for the upkeep of navies. Think of the millions spent for cleaning the spark plugs and fixing tire blow-outs."

"I didn't know battleships had tires."

"I'm speaking metaphorically, of course. They don't have spark plugs, either, but they do have lots of other machinery that has to be cleaned and oiled and replaced, and we never can seem to get a Secretary of the Navy who is enough of a mechanic to attend to that work himself, but has to pay big money to others to have it all done. So that now the nations are just like the Wylies and Demings—making big dents in their incomes all on account of a foolish rivalry."

"What is going to be the outcome?"

"Well, as far as the Wylies and Demings are concerned, the sheriff is going to come along with a tackhammer and play rat-tat-tat on their doors, and when he goes away he will leave some nicely printed notices there."

"The nations are talking of disarmament, and maybe the Wylies and Demings will compromise in some such fashion."

"Not as long as a new model car is being advertised. And if some battleship manufacturer interrupts the disarmament conference and shows pictures of a new type of dreadnought, I'm afraid he will break up the show."

"Well, there is a satisfaction about having nice, up-to-date things, even if they do cost more than you can afford—which reminds me of something I've had on my mind for several days."

"What is it?"

"It's simply that our car is too old and shabby for any use, and we must have a better one for the sake of appearances, even if you have to give up joining that expensive golf club you've had in mind so long!"

## THE TWILIGHT OF GOSPORT

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the old Haley homestead, reads Mrs. Thaxter's story of the wreck.

"In distress of weather!" she repeats. "One must live in such a place fully to comprehend the meaning of the words. It was his custom (Samuel Haley's) every night to put in his bedroom window, over the broad balcony facing the southwest, a light, which burned all night—a little act of thoughtfulness which speaks volumes."

"On that stormy January night he placed the light as usual in his chamber window, and I dare say prayed in his good heart that no vessel might be wandering near this dangerous place, tossed helpless on the raging sea in the thick darkness and bitter cold and blinding snow. But that night that great ship Sagunto drove, crashing, full upon the fatal southeast point, in sight of the tiny spark that burned peacefully, unwavering, in that quiet chamber. Her costly timbers of mahogany and cedarwood were splintered on the sharp teeth of those inexorable rocks; her cargo of dried fruits and nuts and bales of broadcloth and gold and silver was tossed about the shore and part of her crew were thrown alive upon it. Some of them saw the light and crawled toward it, benumbed with cold and spent with fatigue and terror. The roaring of the storm bore away their faint cries of distress; the old man slept on quietly, with his family about him, sheltered, safe, while a stone's throw from his door these sailors strove and agonized to reach that friendly light. Two of them gained the stone wall in front of the house, but their ebbing strength would not allow them to climb over; they threw themselves upon it and perished miserably, with safety, warmth and comfort close at hand."

"In the morning when the tumult was somewhat hushed and underneath the sullen sky rolled the more sullen sea in long, deliberate waves, the old man looked out in the early light across the waste of snow, and on the wall lay—something that broke the familiar outline, though all was smooth with the pure, soft snow. He must put on coat and cap and go out and find out what this strange thing might be. Ah, that was a sight for his pitying eyes under the cold and leaden light of that unrelenting morning!"

Fourteen bodies were found on the shore fourteen Spanish sailors who inspired one Mrs. Thaxter's best known poems. Their graves are to be found to-day, half hidden in the brown grass, marked by a tiny cement block, which has taken the place of the crumbled headstones of 1813.

Samuel Haley was the last of the generation which had made Gosport known and respected wherever salt fish and Yankee enterprise were popular. It was the Revolutionary War, however, which really marks the decline of Gosport. Such a thriving community and accessible harbor were early marked by the British for their own, and in spite of the tiny wooden fort at the port side of Star Island the inhabitants were entirely at the mercy of the enemy. The New Hampshire authorities, therefore, ordered them to the mainland, and as their fishing was imperiled and their commerce broken up, most of them complied, and settled in the seaboard towns. Probably they found the delights of island air and sunshine more than compensated by the easy conveniences of town life, for few of them returned when the war was over. Those who remained were the poorer, less competent class, and they rapidly sank into a degradation which supplied working material for New England missionaries for the next two generations.

It is the tiny chapel on Star Island which holds the hearts of the summer colony and is the goal of their dearest ceremony, the picturesque twilight processional. There are no lights in the ancient stone building and the path that winds through the rocks is perilous at nightfall. So there has developed the custom, born of necessity but developed by an artist, in which each person carries on the way to evening chapel a tiny wrought-iron lantern of antique design. This is later hung on a peg against the wall to light the congregation at its hymns. It is essential to the spirit of the ceremony that no word be spoken as the candle bearers wind their way over the rocks. The hotel veranda also hushes its chatter, and the only sound that breaks the silence is the vesper hymn, floating across the twilight to mingle with the crooning of the waves.

## THE MEDALLION

By MME. LUCIE DELARUE-MARDRUS

Translated by William L. McPherson

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THE GUESTS of the pension respected, and even loved, its elderly proprietress. Men, women and children, they were all simple people, belonging to what we call "the little world." And certainly it is there, rather than in the great world, that one finds those qualities of heart which snobs smile at, but which, after all, are what humanity prizes most among its poor mundane baggage.

The old lady, always dressed in black, wore three beautiful white curls on each side of her waxen face. Behind her spectacles her eyes still sparkled, although her expression was one of high dignity, tempered by some ancient sadness. About her neck was a long gold chain, to which a medallion was attached. It was her habit to play with this chain as she talked in her soft, even voice.

The guests knew that there was a tiny photograph inside the medallion, but they had never been able to get a look at it.

They said among themselves that the portrait was probably that of some fiancé, dead for more than forty years. For they had decided, on the strength of some very vague evidence, that she was really an old maid, and that if she had them address her as "madame," it was only for the sake of imposing on them a larger measure of deference.

This conviction, like all convictions which are based on nothing substantial, was very firmly established in the pension. And the supposed romance of the old maid hostess increased the affection and sympathy they all felt for her.

Though she was the object of a manifest

cordiality, she nevertheless remained reserved and distant, thus enhancing her prestige. Order and good manners were her principal absorptions. They had heard her talk sharply to young women who were too advanced in their ideas, rebuke such and such a family for making too much noise when coming home late at night, and requiring of bumptious youths a more correct behavior at table. They knew what excellent references she insisted on before admitting newcomers to her house.

On a winter evening when it was nearly time for the dinner bell to ring and the guests, awaiting Mme. Ligier's appearance, were lounging about the salon and the hallway, some standing up and thumbing a magazine, others conversing, a young woman strutting on the piano, the boys and girls playing tag behind the chairs, they heard a ring at the door bell. Accompanied by a gust of icy wind a person entered who made all the talkers look around, silenced the piano strumming and even interrupted the children's play.

The newcomer seemed to spread a sudden silence about him as he walked hesitatingly toward them.

He was a ragged old man, with a shapeless

figure, haggard eyes and an overgrown beard. He wore a shabby overcoat, with the collar turned up under his ears. He was splattered up to his waist with mud.

Standing erect in the midst of the general excitement, paying attention to nobody, his eyes fixed on the floor, he appeared to be waiting for something to happen. Just as one of the guests was about to ask him what he wanted, Mme. Ligier entered the room.

All eyes were turned on her. She seemed perfectly calm. Approaching the stranger she stretched out her hand and turned down the collar which shielded his face. Then only he raised his head. He looked at the old lady with the pleading eyes of a lost dog. He said in a hoarse, broken voice, which told of misery and drunkenness:

"I know that I have done everything that is wrong. I know that you have a perfect right to chase me away. I know that there is no one else who will help me. But I have gone hungry too long and been sleeping too long under the bridges. This evening I felt as if I were going to die. So I thought of you."

He broke off. There was something in his

eyes which led the guests, stirred by a common instinct, to draw away and leave the salon.

Without a word they went into the dining room and seated themselves at the big table, each in his place. Even the children were silent.

Some minutes passed. Then the servant entered, bringing the soup tureen.

"There is no bell to-night," she murmured.

Nobody answered her. Carrying out orders which she had evidently received, she placed at the foot of the table—opposite Mme. Ligier's place—a seat, a glass, a plate and a white napkin.

A timid voice asked: "Whose seat is that?" The servant shrugged her shoulders as if to say, "I don't know." Again there was a deadly silence about the table.

As they began to eat their soup the boarders glanced toward the door. Mme. Ligier appeared, followed by the stranger.

"Sit here," she said, showing him his place. Ill at ease and frightened, he settled down in the chair. And when he was seated there, still slovenly-looking, his hair rumpled, his beard tangled, his dirty collar showing against his bare neck, the old lady, enveloping the company with an icy glance, made a sweeping gesture with her head and hand. Her beautiful curls of snow trembled a little. In a tone which was entirely unaffected but infinitely courteous and noble she made the announcement:

"My husband!"